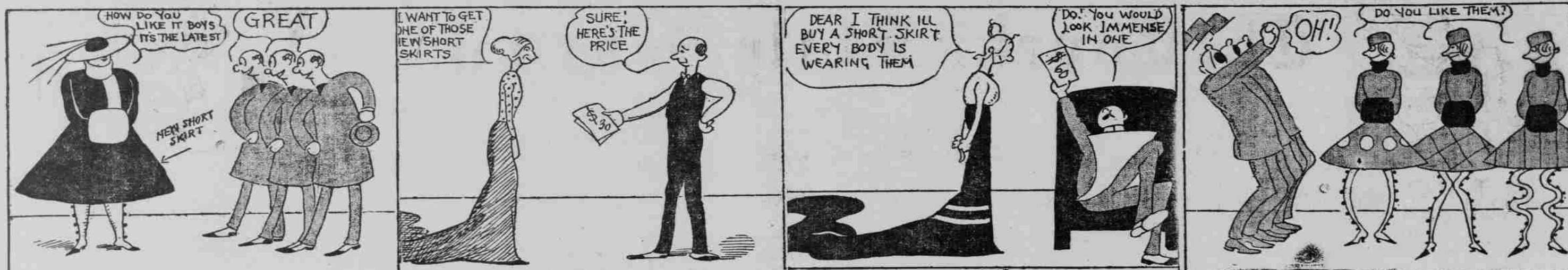


MRS. TRUBBELL

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—BY T. E. POWERS



HELPFUL WIFE.

Now, hubby, I want to be helpful. Bless my little wife! So if you have any coupons to be clipped you may turn that work over to me.



THE FURNACE.

"Shakespeare, I believe, uses the term 'sighing like a furnace.'" "I believe so. Why?" "Mine has a sort of a wheeze."



OPINIONS.

Rich Man—Poverty is no disgrace. Poor Man—No, but that's about all the good you can say for it.



A BAD LOT.

"Dobbs brags a lot about his ancestors." "Yes. They're the only members of his family in some time that have been worth boasting of."



MA'S TOO BUSY.

Everybody's sick at your house? Yes, with the grip, excepting mother. She hasn't time to have it. Go to wait on all the rest of 'em.



BOUND TO OCCUR.

"And no use has ever been found for the Sahara desert?" "No; but it is only a question of time when some enthusiast will come along and lay it in golf links."



WHAT HE IS SURE OF.

Do you think preparedness results in war? I don't know. But I am sure that marriage is the forerunner of divorce.



POSSIBLY.

Why are the women walking with a slump or a slouch? It may be they are trying to make those short skirts come a trifle nearer the ground.

DOINGS OF THE VAN LOONS—CAN IT BE THAT GRACE IS JEALOUS?

—BY F. LEIPZIGER



THAT SON-IN-LAW OF PA'S— THE DUKE WAS PARTICULAR

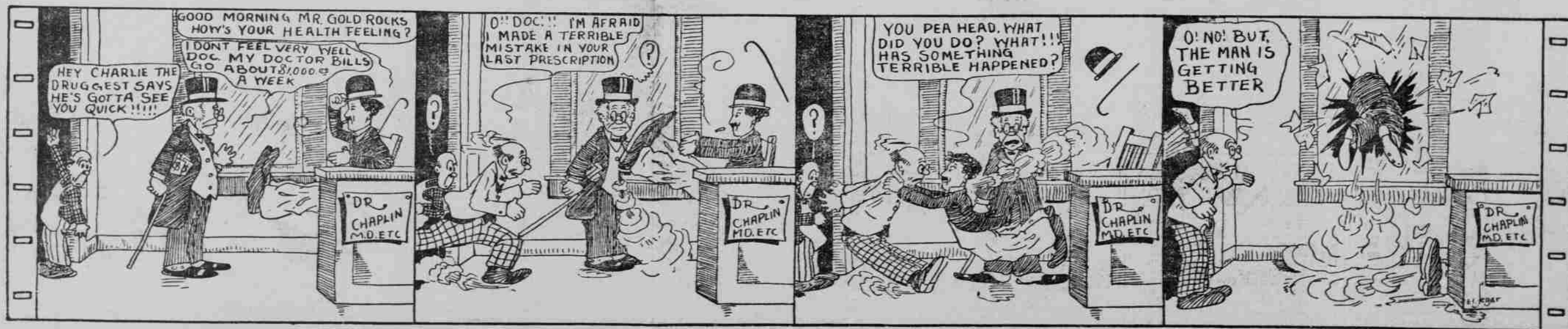
—BY WELLINGTON



CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S COMIC CAPERS—

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HE TRIED TO KILL HIM, ANYWAY



WOUNDED SOLDIER.

"Say, doc. "Yes, my brave man!" "I'd like to trade two duchesses for an ordinary nurse."

"I don't see how the belligerents stand it in the trenches during the winter." "Neither do I. Why, I wouldn't even get into an argument in front of a war bulletin in this weather."

Correctly Defined.

Willie Willis—What is a "condemned building," pa? Papa Willis—A building in which the owner employs twice as many girls as the law allows, in order to get as much work as possible done before it burns.—Life. "Queer how some women manage to get husbands, a look at that frump over there with a face that could stop a clock. What boob do you suppose ever fell for a front-lessee like that?" "I did. That's my wife."—Baltimore American.